

The Tragedy of Hamlet

More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church,

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*

Will you doe this? keep close within your chamber,

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home,

Wee'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the same

The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,

And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,

Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will not perule the foiles, so that with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse

A sword unbated, and in a pace of practice

Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doe't;

And for the purpose Ile annoint my sword:

I bought an unction of a Mountebanke

So mortall, that but dip a knife in it,

Where it draws blood, no Cataplasme so rare

Collected from all Simples that have vertue

Under the Moone, can save the thing from death

That is but scratcht withall; Ile touch my point

With this contagion, that if I gall him sleightly it may be death.

King. Let's further thinke of this,

Weigh what conveiance both of time and meanes

May fit us to our shape if this should faile,

And that our drift look through our bad performance

'Twere better not assay'd, Therefore this project

Should have a backe or second, that might hold

If this did blast in prooffe: so't, let me see,

Wee'll make a solemne wager on your cunnings,

I hav't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,

As make your bouts more violent to that end,

And that he calls for drinke, Ile have prefer'd him

A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd tucke,

Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter

Prince of Denmark

Enter Queen

Quee. One woe doth tread
So fast they follow: your sister

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Quee. There is a willow growe
That shewes his hoarie leaves

Therewith fantasticke garlands

Of Cro-v-flowers, Nettles, Daisies

Thar liberall shepheards give a crowne

But our culcold maids do dead

There on the pendant boughes

Clambring to hang, an envious

When downe her weedy trophe

Fell in the weeping brooke, he

And Mermaid-like a while the

Which time she chanted snatch

As one incapable of her owne

Or like a creature native and in

Unto that element, but long in

Till that her garments heavie w

Puld the poore wench from he

To muddy death.

Laer. Alasse then is she drown

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water ha

And therefore I forbid my tear

It is our trick, nature her cust

Let shame say what it will; wh

The woman will be out. Adieu

I have a speech afire thataine

But that this folly drownes it.

King. Let's follow *Gertrude*

How much I had to doe to calm

Now feare I this will give it sta

Therefore let's follow.

Enter two

Clow. Is she to be buried in

ly seekes her owne salvation?